

Queens Of The Stone Age, Running Joke

When I was a little boy
I looked under the stairs
The king and the pawns
Were caught unawares
Standing in the shadows
A whisperer to be
Just fishing in the darkness
Of possibilities

Just
Look
At you run
Yeaaaaah
Look at you run
Yeah
Ooooh
Look at you run

Among such style and grace
Our highest hopes
None standing still
The running joke
Where goes the warm embrace it fades
Without return
That lives to slip through fingertips and burn

Just
Look
At you run
Ooooooh
Look at you run
Ooooooh
Look at you run
Ooooooh
Look at you run